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prerogative in favor of their Church, and that the latter must follow as a necessary result.

But whilst it is true that the concession of supremacy does not necessarily imply the recognition of infallibility, it is equally true that the recognition of the latter must necessarily lead to the concession of the former. Had the Church of Rome, or any other Church, been supposed to be endowed with the Divine attribute of infallibility, it must necessarily follow that every other Church would acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of that one in which so pre-eminent a gift was lodged. It becomes, therefore, a matter of importance for us to show that the spiritual supremacy of the Church of Rome was not generally acknowledged in any such sense as the admitted claim to infallibility would imply. Now, this has been unanswerably shown by many Protestant writers, especially by Barrow, in his "Treatise of the Pope's Supremacy." Whence we conclude that the claim to infallibility was either not made or not allowed, so long, at least, as the claim to supremacy was disputed. Our argument, in short, is the following—If infallibility were supposed to reside in the Church of Rome in ancient times, the supremacy of that Church would also have been recognised. But its supremacy was not recognised. Therefore, infallibility was not supposed to reside in it.

We have said that the fact of the non-recognition of the spiritual supremacy of Rome for many ages has been simply proved by Barrow and other writers. To their works, therefore, we, for the present, refer those who wish for a full discussion of the whole subject. We shall content ourselves with noticing a few of the more prominent points connected with it.

Among the arguments adduced by Roman Catholic writers in proof of the acknowledged supremacy of the Church of Rome in early times, none is urged with greater frequency or more confidence than that which they derive from a well-known passage of Irenæus, the famous Bishop of Lyons at the close of the second century. We shall show that this passage of Irenæus, when properly understood, lends no countenance to the conclusion which is so confidently drawn from it.

In his work on Heresy (Book iii., ch. 3), Irenæus, after describing the Church of Rome as "founded by the two most glorious apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul," then adds—"Ad hanc Ecclesiam, propter potentioris principatus, necesse est omnem convenire Ecclesiam—hoc est eos qui sunt undique fideles—in qua semper ab his qui sunt undique conservata est ea quæ est ab Apostolis traditio." Here, it is insisted by Roman Catholic divines, is a plain acknowledgment, on the part of one of the most eminent bishops of the primitive Church, of the supremacy of the Church of Rome—an unequivocal declaration that every Church "must conform to the Church of Rome, on account of its more powerful principality." To see whether this inference be sustainable, let us examine for a moment the scope and context of Irenæus' words. He is disputing against heretics. Having first refuted them by reference to Scripture, he then proceeds to the testimony against them furnished by the Catholic Church. But how was this testimony to be procured? "It would," as he says himself, "be very tedious to enumerate the episcopal successions of all the Churches of Christendom." He prefers to select some one Church as a specimen and type of all the rest. As he was writing in the West, it was most natural that he should select a western Church; a Church generally acknowledged to have been founded by Apostles; a Church founded by the two most illustrious of the Apostles, Peter and Paul; a Church the succession of whose bishops was well authenticated and generally known; in short, the Church of Rome. He then introduces the passage which we have quoted above—"Ad hanc Ecclesiam, &c." Unfortunately, this passage is preserved to us only through the medium of an old Latin version of Irenæus' work. The original Greek words are not extant.

The divines of the Church of Rome, as we have already said, interpret these words to signify that "it is necessary for every Church to conform to this Church"—i.e., to the Church of Rome; and they accordingly insist that a moral obligation rests upon all men to submit to her authority.

That this interpretation is not correct appears from the following considerations:—First, it is at variance with the drift of Irenæus' argument. His object is to refute heresies by appealing to the testimony of the universal Church. As an exponent of that testimony he selects one Church—the Church of Rome. That this selection was a fair one, and might be regarded as virtually collecting the evidence of all the Churches, he shows by reminding his readers that the Church of Rome had been founded by the two most glorious Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, from whom the succession of bishops might be certainly traced, and whose names he himself enumerates.

This being so, the words, "ad hanc Ecclesiam necesse est omnem convenire Ecclesiam," cannot mean that every Church, then and for ever after, must submit to the Church of Rome. Were that so, Irenæus would never have said that, "because it would be tedious to appeal to all churches," he would, therefore, appeal to one Church—the Church of Rome. Such a statement would have had no

meaning, if Rome had been admittedly supreme over all churches, so that all churches were bound to agree with her. It would be manifestly absurd of anybody to say—It would be a tedious process to ascertain the opinions of all the peers of the realm: we will, therefore, appeal to the crown.

This sense of the original words of Irenæus being, therefore, excluded, we have next to inquire what they did mean. Most clearly this:—That on account of the more august antiquity of Rome—for such is the significance of the words "potentior principatus"—it must follow of course (*necesse est*) that every Church—that is, all believers who exist in all places (*undique*)—will agree with her, and be represented by her; or, in other words, every Church (Irenæus says) in which (*in qua*) the tradition from the Apostles has been preserved by those who exist everywhere (i.e., by Catholics, as opposed to heretics, who existed only in particular places), must naturally agree with the apostolic Church of Rome. Thus he shows that his reference to Rome is justifiable; and that by appealing to that Church he has virtually appealed to all orthodox churches, whose testimony may be supposed to be embodied and involved in hers.

But not only does Irenæus in this passage not countenance the doctrine of Papal supremacy, as taught by the Romish divines, but he, in fact, by implication, overthrows the foundation on which they make it and the kindred doctrine of infallibility to rest.

These doctrines they base on the words of our Lord to St. Peter (Matt. xvi. 18) "On this rock I will build my Church," maintaining that the Bishop of Rome is the successor of St. Peter as the rock of the church; but Irenæus refers to the Church of Rome, as founded by the two most glorious apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul; and he, moreover, enumerates the Bishops of Rome who succeeded Linus, who, he says, was first placed in that See by the same two apostles. This is a striking and most convincing proof that he knew nothing of the Romish theory which claims infallibility and supremacy for St. Peter alone, as head of the Church, and also claims the same prerogatives for the Bishops of Rome, as successors of St. Peter.

We do not (as we before observed) possess the original Greek of Irenæus in the passage first considered. We have only an old, and evidently a very literal, Latin version of it. From this version we have endeavoured, faithfully and honestly, to elicit the true meaning of the original; and we have concluded that Irenæus was totally ignorant of the lofty claims now set up for the Church of Rome. A recently discovered work of Hippolytus, a scholar of Irenæus, who had the original Greek before him, and had the advantage of personal intercourse with the writer, enables us to ascertain how he understood the passage. To this very remarkable work of Hippolytus we accordingly propose to direct attention in our next number. Meanwhile, we will conclude the present article with a notice of a passage of Tertullian, who flourished in the early part of the third century—a passage which, although cited by Roman Catholic writers in support of the claims of their Church to supremacy and infallibility, directly militates against such claims.

In his work *De Præscriptione Hæreticorum*, Tertullian refutes heretics by a line of argument similar to that of Irenæus, above described—namely, appealing to the doctrine preserved in the apostolic churches of highest character and most unquestioned succession of bishops. "Run over" (he says, ch. 36) "the Apostolic Churches in which the very chairs of the apostles still preside in their own places, in which their (i.e., the apostles') authentic letters are still read, uttering the words and representing the face of each. Is Achaia," he adds, "next to thee? Thou hast Corinth. If thou canst go into Asia, thou hast Ephesus; but if thou art adjacent to Rome, thou hast Rome, where authority is at hand to us (i.e., the African Church) also."^{*}

Now, it is very remarkable that, in quoting this passage, Roman Catholic writers (e.g., Messrs. Berington and Kirk) take care to omit altogether the words relating to Corinth

^{*} *Principatus*, in the old Latin translation of Irenæus, is used for priority of time, and is opposed to *posterioritas*. The words used by Irenæus were probably *ικανωτέραν αρχαιοτητα*. In this same chapter the translator has rendered *ικανωτάτη* by *potentissima*. The Church of Rome was the only Western Church that was known to have been founded by Apostles. It had, accordingly, a "potentior principatus," a more "powerful or august primitiveness."

Again, as the old Latin version is a literal one (as appears from the comparison of it with the Greek in those passages in which the Greek has been preserved), it is almost certain that when the translator uses "*necesse est*," Irenæus wrote *ἀνάγκη*. Now, this word *ἀνάγκη*, as is well known, frequently implies a reasonable or necessary inference, and not a moral obligation. Thus, for instance, when the ecclesiastical historian Theodoret says (iv. 5) *ἀνθρώπους ἀνάγκη προσποιεῖν θύρας*, he certainly does not intend to assert that it is a moral duty for a man to transgress; but his meaning is that it is a natural consequence of his fallen condition—"humanum est errare."

+ *Percurrere Ecclesias Apostolicas apud quas ipse adhuc cathedræ Apostolorum suis locis præsidet, apud quas authenticæ literæ eorum recitantur, sonantes vocem et representantes faciem uniuscujusque. Proxima est tibi Achaia? Habes Corinthum. Si potes in Asiam tendere, habes Ephesum. Si autem Italiam, adjaces habes Romam, unde nobis quoque auctoritas præstat, est.*

and Ephesus, retaining only those which refer to Rome. The reason is obvious. The unutilized words of Tertullian not only prove nothing in support of the supremacy and infallibility of Rome, but are actually inconsistent with such claims, as they speak of Ephesus and Corinth in exactly the same way as they do of Rome itself. The Church of Corinth, which enjoyed the teaching of the Apostle Paul, was to be appealed to by those who happened to be near Achaia. The Church of Ephesus, over which the Apostle John had presided, was to be appealed to by those who could visit Asia Minor. And by those who were adjacent to Italy—as were, for example, the African Christians, to whom Tertullian himself belonged—Rome was to be appealed to, as having been founded by at least one Apostle, and, perhaps, by two, and, moreover, being the only apostolic Church in Western Christendom.

It will be observed further that one of the grounds, on which Tertullian rests this appeal to the Apostolic Churches, is nearness of time to the apostolic age (*apud quos ipse adhuc cathedræ Apostolorum suis locis præsidet*.) So that the force of this appeal would be gradually diminished in the course of time, and would ultimately be altogether lost.

THE MARLEYS.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the scene which we detailed in our last, and the promise of Edith and Adeline to attend before the bishop, they awaited with fear and trembling the approach of the following Saturday, which was fixed for the interview. It was an encounter from which they would have shrunk in circumstances less cogent than those under which their consent had been extorted. The interval they spent between prayer and preparation—prayer for wisdom and strength, and preparation to answer a wise and learned bishop of the Church of Rome—to answer him concerning the faith which they held dearer than life itself. While conning over the plain simple texts of Scripture, which were the only weapons of their warfare, and treasuring them up in their memories, they felt like David with his pebbles and his sling going forth to meet the giant of the Philistines. They knew their own feebleness and puny strength, but their comfort was that the Angel of the Lord (Jesus Christ himself) encampeth round about those that fear him.

Early on Saturday morning, Edith and Adeline drove in, in company with their sister Marcella, to the bishop's house. They were shown in directly to his study, and a venerable, mild, and kindly old man came forward and greeted them in an affectionate and cordial manner. The bishop opened the conversation about some indifferent matters, which he discussed with a good-natured playfulness, so graceful and condescending in advanced age, when addressing itself to early youth. From these subjects he gradually approached that of some church commemoration for the following day, and then said—

"My dear children, I believe you wished to consult me about some matters which you find difficult to understand, and desired to have an explanation of, and nothing can give me greater pleasure than to remove any doubts from your minds, and enable you to enjoy the blessedness of a full and free communion with the Holy Catholic Church."

To this Edith and Adeline scarcely knew what answer to give, they were reluctant to open an attack, and to commence hostilities, and were rather waiting to act on the defensive when assailed, and they remained silent. The bishop again asked them—

"What matter was it that occasioned their difficulty in the Catholic Faith?"

Edith felt she could no longer remain silent, and said—"Indeed, my lord, there are a great many subjects which have caused us both uneasiness, and have compelled us to take a part we were most reluctant to take, and which, I fear, is likely to bring us into great trouble; but, if it be the Lord's will, we cannot help or avoid it."

"My dear," said the bishop, "there is no reason why you should fall into trouble if you will only listen to instruction and advice in a teachable spirit, and not set up your own private fallible judgment against the voice of the Church."

"But, how," my lord, "can I abjure my reason, and the common sense which God has given me to be my guide to regulate my path in life, and yet believe what I know to be an impossibility, and a contradiction to plain language and to common sense, and the direct testimony of Scripture, because the Church says it is so?"

"Miss Marley, you forget that the last words of our departing Saviour's commission to his apostles were, that they should go forth teaching all things, whatsoever he had commanded them; 'and, behold,' he says, 'I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' This is the warrant under which the bishops and pastors of Christ's Church, as the successors of the Apostles, now act. How, then, can the Catholic Church go astray?"

"No, my lord, certainly not so long as they teach those things which Christ commanded; but, if any particular body of Christian teachers have departed from the things commanded by Christ, and teach other things, it is plain we must look for the Church of which Christ speaks elsewhere, and that they are not the successors of the apostles on whom the commission has devolved."

"My dear, you seem to assume that the Holy Catholic

* The word "convenire" is now, by most Romish theologians, taken in the sense of "to agree," or "conform." The meaning—"to resort," which some contend for, seems hardly reconcilable with fact or probability.

Church has fallen into error, and I speak now, supposing for a moment that it were possible (which God forbid) for the Church ever to err. But pray, in what particular do you conceive, if it has erred, its error consists?"

"Then, my lord, as you ask me to state my difficulties, the chief in my mind is, in respect to the Sacrifice of the Mass. Both St. Peter and St. Paul tell us that Christ died *once* for our sins,* and St. Paul in the Hebrews,† tells us, 'that Christ should not offer himself often as the High Priest entereth into the Holy of Holies every year'; whereas, on the contrary, Christ was offered *once* to exhaust the sins of the whole world; therefore we find it impossible to believe that what is called the Sacrifice of the Mass, is a real and proper sacrifice or propitiation for the sins of the living or the dead."

"But, Miss Marley, St. Paul also tells us, that we have an altar still, and if there be an altar, there must be a sacrifice and an offering. The continuance of the daily sacrifice to the end of the world is prophesied in the prophet Malachias, and after some search through a Douay Bible, the bishop had recourse to a text book, and cited the passage—"For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is Sacrifice."—Malach. i., 11.

To this Adeline interposed and said, "that it appeared very far from plain that this can mean any other sacrifice than that so continually spoken of in the Book of Psalms." "The sacrifice of praise, an afflicted spirit and contrite heart,"‡ and that it certainly was not so plain as to contradict the express declaration that Christ "by one oblation, hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified,"§ and again, "where there is remission of sins, there is *no more* an oblation for sin."||

The bishop then took up the History of Melchisedech, who brought bread and wine, and was priest of the most High God.¶

"Yes," said Adeline smartly, "but it was to Abraham he brought it forth, and not to God, and surely he made no oblation or sacrifice for sins to Abraham."

The bishop finding he was making no impression on his young pupils, and that they were better prepared at argument than he expected, nevertheless betrayed no evidence of displeasure or disappointment, on the contrary, he said, "Well, my dears, as I find your minds are not yet prepared for the due consideration of such holy things as these, I will not press them on you now, but must ask you to be more careful in reading proper books on the subject, and especially a little book which I will lend you, (so saying, he handed them Milner's End of Controversy) and I have no doubt all will be plain to your mind. Go now, and like good children, read this diligently, and all will be well. It is only some foolish notion which sometimes young people will take into their heads, that is disturbing you, and I expect to see you both settled in the faith and happy." After some more conversation like this the venerable old man gave them his blessing, and took leave of them as affectionately as he had at first received them.

Edith and Adeline rose and left the room, slowly followed by Marcella, who, when half way down the stairs, returned suddenly to the bishop and said, "Well, my lord, what do you really think of them?"

"Well, my dear, I tell you plainly, I think nothing can be worse, and that there is scarcely a hope of them for the present, as they have their minds made up, and have been furnished with arguments and books which I fear have misled them. But go home and do not break with them. Take them gently, lest you drive them to extremes, and so make bad worse. I will write to your father and counsel him to act so."

Edith and Adeline then parted from Marcella, and returned homewards. As they walked along they discussed their interview with the bishop, thus happily over, and were congratulating themselves on having passed through the ordeal without an open breach of the peace, or compromise of principle. As they went along they met the Rev. M——, who said—"So girls you have been before the bishop." "Who told you that?" "Oh," said he, "I know it quite well; it was discussed at our meeting on yesterday. I suppose you had an angry discussion." "No, indeed," said Edith, "on the contrary, everything went on as smooth and amicable as if we were discussing the weather."

"Miss Marley, I tell you, never you mind the outward appearances. Depend upon it, it is not all over yet; but I give you one piece of advice, and that is, *be firm*, and you will have it all your own way. This I tell you in confidence as a friend; but again, I say, be firm and calm, and they will never drive you to extremities."

"Indeed," said Adeline, "I think from the way the bishop treated us, that he intends to advise Papa not to interfere with us."

The girls returned home, and the Major never made the slightest inquiry as to the result of their interview with the bishop—in fact, he most scrupulously abstained from all allusion to the subject of religion. The following day, however, brought a letter from the bishop, in which he apprised the Major of some of the results of his conference with his daughters, and that he regretted to find they had been deeply, if not irreversibly infected with the poison of heresy, which he could only attribute to unsuit-

able companions, or defective education in religious matters. He implored of him to lose no opportunity of keeping them out of the society of Protestants, and throwing them into the way of devout and well-informed Catholics, and providing them with certain religious books on controversy, which he recommended to him. He concluded, by strongly recommending him to be careful how he appeared to act with severity or coercion towards them, and rather to adopt gentle and unseen agencies, than direct and forcible means for their restoration to the faith.

This intelligence had a stunning effect upon the Major notwithstanding all his former misgivings. He tenderly loved his two youngest daughters, who were the children of his old age, and yet the thought of their apostasy was absolutely worse than their death to his mind. Every feeling of his mind revolted from the idea, and he could not let it near him. At first he regarded it as some erratic fancy, a conceit which young girls sometimes take into their heads, just to show their independence of mind; but he never doubted they would have yielded at once to the persuasion and authority of the bishop. To think that his daughters should not merely resist his own parental authority, but should absolutely confront his bishop, and set themselves up against him upon doctrines of religion, appeared the acme of superlative audacity and rebellion. His first impulse was to order them to depart from his house for ever, and go seek their fortunes elsewhere; but, he had no sooner resolved on this course, than he saw insuperable difficulties in its execution, and the yearning of natural affection, and the circumstance of their extreme youth made him pause in respect of such a step. But, as his passion cooled down, a settled, steady resolve took possession of his mind, to which every hour's reflection added strength, and to which a sense of duty to himself, and to his religion, and to the other members of his family, gave a stability, which mere passion and anger would have failed to do.

His family could not but remark that some intelligence of an unpleasant nature had reached him; all had their misgivings as to its probable cause, but nobody ventured to make an inquiry, and the Major himself was, contrary to all precedent, reserved and silent, with a solemn, settled demeanour, of melancholy and resolve.

This mood had continued for two or three days, during which the Major was confined to the house by the gout, but on the fourth day, finding himself somewhat better, he ordered the carriage at ten o'clock in the morning, stating that he had peremptory business to transact in town, and that he wished to go alone.

He took his leave of his daughters with formal precision, and not without affection in his manner. He seemed, indeed to have more of sorrow than of anger in his mind, and left the house in a hurry, as if fearful of the possibility of inquiry or interruption. When he had left, every one was on the *qui vive* to guess the purpose of his sudden and mysterious errand, and they all concluded that he had gone in to see the bishop, and have personal confirmation of the exact result of the interview of the preceding Saturday.

However, in this they were all mistaken. The Major, as soon as he was well away from Hollywood, desired to be driven to Mr. Maher, his solicitor, in — street. Arrived there, and seated in his private parlour, in the utmost confidence, the Major announced to him that he desired to make some alteration in the disposition of his property, which he had made some few years before in a will which Mr. Maher had prepared for him.

"Suppose, Major," said Mr. Maher, "some of the young ladies are going to be married, and you are going to convert the will into a settlement."

"Yes, Mr. Maher, I am going to turn my will into a settlement, but not a settlement which will be very much for the advantage of two of my daughters."

"How do you mean, Major?"

"In fact, Mr. Maher, my two youngest daughters have disobliterated me, and acted in such a manner that I can no longer treat them as objects of my affection or bounty, and I mean to cut them both out with a shilling; that's what I mean."

Mr. Maher was well aware of the Major's infirmity of temper, and had often felt the force of it on his own devoted head, when his law business was not conducted just as expeditiously or successfully as the Major's impetuous disposition demanded, and he had no doubt that this was all an ebullition of passion, which would be over on the morrow. He, however, knew that he should humour the bent of the moment, and appear to acquiesce in his wishes, or bring down on himself the wrath he was desirous to avert from another.

"Well, indeed, Major," he said, "I am sorry to hear that any member of your family should have acted in a manner to displease you, but"—

Here the Major rather impatiently stopped his deprecations, by saying, "Sir, my daughters have not only displeased me, but disgraced and degraded me before all the world."

"Disgraced you (ejaculated Mr. Maher, rather horrified at the state of matters), you do not mean that they have run away, or made unbecoming alliances."

"No, sir, not in that sense exactly, but they have thought proper to ally themselves with heretics and infidels, and to turn Protestants—the first renegades that ever disgraced my family, and they will be the last, by —."

This was a state of things for which Mr. Maher was *not* at all prepared, and could furnish no plausible palliative. He was, himself, a thorough bigot, and thought no offence, in all the dark catalogue of crime, could be greater than apostasy from the Roman Catholic Church. He ventured, charitably, to suggest doubts as to the reality of the offence, and the danger of arriving at hasty conclusions as to the opinions of mere girls so young as the Major's daughters, who really, he said, did not know their own minds for five minutes together. To this the Major, with many a bitter and painful denunciation, answered, by declaring the scene which had taken place, in his own presence, with the vicar-general, and their subsequent outrageous contumacy before the bishop himself, and declared that he had firmly made up his mind that their names should be erased from his will, adding—"I will let them beg or earn their bread among their Protestant associates; but it shall never be said that I reared a Protestant an hour longer than I could help it."

"Well, Major, of course I cannot know whether you are acting on sufficient grounds or not, in disinheriting your daughters, but I trust you will reflect on the consequences of the step you propose to take in respect of females whom you cannot throw upon their resources as if they were boys."

"Sir," said the Major, "I have reflected on the consequences before I came here, and I am resolved that not one shilling of my property shall either of them ever possess; and I further beg to say that I have come here *not* to discuss the propriety of my resolutions, but to have them carried into effect."

To this Mr. Maher at once said—"Of course Major, I will follow out whatever instructions you give me. It is, no doubt, for you to satisfy yourself as to their prudence."

"Well, Mr. Maher, that I fancy is *my* business, and not yours."

Mr. Maher then inquired what the nature of the changes were which the Major had in contemplation. Whereupon the Major took out from a large pocket-book a memorandum, written out most carefully in his own handwriting, and which was to the effect that, "inasmuch as his two youngest daughters, Edith and Adeline, had departed from the faith of the Catholic Church in which he had brought them up, and had obstinately, and in contempt of his parental authority, espoused the errors of Protestantism, that he, notwithstanding his natural love and affection for his said daughters, felt bound, in conscience and duty to the said Church, and in honour to himself and his family, to revoke all bequests made in his will in favour of the said Edith and Adeline, and he declared it to be his will and pleasure that the provisions therein contained, and intended for the said Edith and Adeline should go to his grandchild, Maria Waring, only daughter of Edward Waring, Esq., on condition that she did not become a Protestant."

The Major read the memorandum in a slow and solemn voice, which filtered at times, and scarcely found utterance, when he came to the words "notwithstanding my natural love and affection for my said daughters," which showed they were no idle words of form, or empty sound, but the genuine expression of the deep sentiment of his heart.

When he had concluded, he handed the paper over to his attorney with a sorrowful gravity, like what Queen Elizabeth might have felt when she handed the death warrant of her favourite Essex to her minister of justice. The poor Major appeared overcome and exhausted at the exertion, as if his whole strength had been given forth in the effort, and when the attorney, with professional *nonchalance*, calmly rose and proceeded to lock up in his escrutoire the paper which was to consign two young unprotected girls, without maintenance or provision, to the tender mercies of a cruel world—the old man felt an icy coldness pass around his heart, and the tears trickled silently down his aged face and almost melted his resolution; but shame, pride, and propriety instantly checked the generous impulse, and, rising from his seat with difficulty, he said—"Mr. Maher, I beg you will have this most disagreeable business arranged as speedily as possible, for I find I am not as strong as I used to be; and as I can seldom come into town I wish you to fix an early day for the completion."

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Maher, "everything will be ready for your execution to-morrow, if you can come in."

With this the old Major left the attorney, and with less love for him than ever he had before. Strange waywardness of human nature, that the passive instruments of our perverse humours are the first to encounter our displeasure. The charitable cloak we throw over ourselves is not wide enough to cover them.

The Major returned home, and was received with the usual affectionate greetings and marks of attention by Edith and Adeline. The arm-chair was wheeled round beside the fire, and his slippers and dressing-gown ready. He repaid these little civilities with the accustomed—"Thank you my dear;" but there was a moody cloud upon his brow which betokened that all was not right within. The Major could not play a part, or pretend to what he did not feel, and to the most casual observer it was evident that he was constraining himself under a sense of some duty, not to let out the natural feelings of his heart. However, he acted on a determined plan, and retired to his room as early as he could, announcing that

* 1 Peter iii. 18. † Heb. ix. 25, 28. ‡ Heb. xiii. 15. Psalm 1. 19, cvi. 22. § Heb. x. 14. || Heb. x. 18. ¶ Gen. xiv. 18. Douay Bible.

he should go into town again on the following morning early, on certain business.

The next day all was in readiness for the Major's departure, and he was at the hall-door, buttoning on his cloak, when a servant rode up the avenue in haste, and brought a note from his son-in-law, Mr. Waring. The hurried manner of the servant, and the illegible style of the direction of the note rather alarmed the Major. After some seconds lost in searching for his spectacles, he inquired of the servant what was the matter.

"Miss Maria, sir, has been very ill all the night, and is not expected."

The Major's blood ran cold to his heart. "Is this," said he to himself, "a judgment on me for going in to ruin my good and innocent children yesterday?" Aloud he said nothing, but desiring the servant to bring in the letter to Mrs. Marley, he drove off as speedily as he could into town. His first direction was to Mr. Waring's house, where he learned that scarcely a hope remained of his only grandchild. That she had taken ill the previous evening, and had grown hourly worse, and could scarcely hold out much longer.

The Major left the house in great affliction, and returned home without calling on Mr. Maher, sending him a message that he was unable to fulfil his engagement with him that day, but would call on the following morning. For three succeeding days the Major went into town, each day intending to fulfil his engagement with Mr. Maher, and to complete his plan of disinheriting and discarding his daughters. But, as each day arrived, his first visit was to the Warings. The child was worse and worse, and his heart failed him to go further. On the fifth day, when he called, he was informed that no hope whatever remained of the child's life. The Major returned home and found everybody in the deepest affliction at the tidings of little Maria, who was the pet of the house, and had engaged the warm affections of every individual in it. Their grief but aggravated the intense feelings of the old man's own mind, and he retired to his room. The story of David's child, which was smitten for the sin of its father, haunted his imagination, and recalled to his mind the beautiful story recorded in the Bible (which the Major very often read) when Nathan said, "Because thou hast given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, for this thing the child that is born to thee shall surely die. And Nathan returned to his house. The Lord also struck the child which the wife of Urias had borne to David, and his life was despaired of. And David besought the Lord for the child, and David kept a fast, and going in by himself, lay upon the ground." In this frame, the Major felt himself convicted of sin, and thought that his crime had found him out, and judgment was awarded him for the wicked purpose of his heart to ruin his beloved children, because they had dared to worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. He earnestly prayed the Lord that the child might be spared, and his sin forgiven, and vowed upon his knees that he would no longer persecute or coerce his children, but leave them and their conversion in the hands of the Lord.

It was late in the evening, but yet the Major was not content to repair to rest without despatching a letter to his solicitor, Mr. Maher, the purport of which was, that further reflection had led him to doubt the propriety of the step he had proposed to take, and begging that Mr. Maher would destroy any draft of a will or codicil which might have been prepared pursuant to his instructions, and that nothing further should be done until he again communicated with him. A special messenger was sent into town with the epistle, and the Major felt no relief until he saw that he had fairly gone on his mission. The messenger was desired likewise to call at Mr. Warings and bring the latest intelligence respecting the child.

The return of the servant was anxiously awaited by every member of the family, but by none more impatiently than the Major, who delayed going to rest until he was informed how matters were, and after a considerable period of deep uneasiness, the messenger arrived with the first good tidings that had yet been had, and announcing that the child was slightly better and apparently rallying. After this the Major retired to sleep, taking an unusually tender leave of his family, and with a mind more free from anxiety than he enjoyed for many a day.

The morning brought better news of a more decided amendment, and every hour afterwards the child improved, until, in the course of a week, she was declared to be entirely out of danger, and soon after was playing on the Major's knees, out at Hollywood, prattling to her grandpapa as busily as ever.

From this time forth the position of Edith and Adeline underwent an entire change at home. The subject of religion was never mentioned; but all coldness and reserve on their father's part were removed, and he saluted and addressed them as warmly and affectionately as ever: a sort of tacit truce appeared to have been determined on, and each party conceded to the other, the right of acting on their own territories as they saw best; but outside their friendly circle of home Edith and Adeline had many a sneer and sarcasm to encounter, many a coldness and suspicion to feel, and many an ill-natured observation to bear. They perceived that among all their Roman Catholic friends they were regarded as aliens or deserters, and,

as if tainted with some moral leprosy, their former associates, though they observed the outward courtesies of life, yet evinced a reserve that caused them to feel they were the objects of fear and suspicion, their presence a restraint, and their conversation and conduct a rebuke to the whole tenor of the sentiment and conduct of their party.

Reader, if you are advanced in years, you may have observed, that as the spring-tide of youth and prosperity recedes, it leaves many an object on the bleak shore deserted and alone. This is painful; but the rough contact with the world blunts the edge of our feelings, and we come to regard those desertions with calmness, if not with indifference. But in the earlier years of life, when our feelings are fresh, and our knowledge of the world derived, if not from the false medium of romance and fiction, from the scarcely less delusive source of our own imaginations, the disappointment of trusted friends grown cold, and loved associates turning their heads aside, is a trial that needs more philosophy to sustain than youth usually has acquired. Our national poet has beautifully expressed the sentiment we mean to convey, when he wrote—

"Oh, colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine played,
Is the congealing pang that seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed."

This unreserved and entire trust is only reposed in early youth, and when it meets a repulse or betrayal, it is felt with a pang of bitterness which the substantial misfortunes of after life fail to inflict.

Edith and Adeline felt this with an intensity in exact proportion to their friendship and affection. Their pride sustained them in the first instance, and their deep conviction of the vital truth at issue, and their hourly increasing terror of its being compromised in the errors of Romanism, steeled their hearts to every feeling, to every coldness and withdrawal of friendship and confidence and cordiality with which they met.

But our story has, we fear, already exceeded its due limits, and therefore we hasten to its close. At home Edith and Adeline no longer experienced any difficulty or opposition, and they soon regarded with comparative indifference the coldness of those without. Their great and paramount anxiety now was on behalf of their beloved father, who had latterly betrayed unmistakable symptoms of a speedy break up in a constitution which had endured for eighty winters. He had lived the life of a careless man—he was a perfect free-thinker in religion, though formally attached to the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. Their daily and hourly prayers were not so much that he should become a Protestant, as that he should become a Christian, and have a saving interest in the atonement of his Redeemer by a faith to lay hold on and appropriate to himself the declarations of mercy so graciously vouchsafed in the Scriptures to every one who will embrace them. The Major held up to the last, and with the characteristic vigour of his constitution and disposition never lay down until the last enemy, death, sternly seized him in his iron grasp and dragged him to his first and last bed of sickness. Still, the instinct of life, and the impulse of the natural heart of man prompted him to disbelieve that his latter end was at hand; and when Marcella, who knew too well what was approaching, suggested that the priest should be sent for, the Major rather tartly exclaimed—"What, ma'am, do you want to send me out of the world all at once?"

But, as day after day brought no relief, the Major's strength began to fail—the prospects of a near eternity began to dawn upon his mind—his heart became softened—his accents mild and gentle—and he seemed gladdened and refreshed when Edith and Adeline, improving every moment of opportunity, told him of the stupendous plan of salvation developed in the Gospel invitations of free and sovereign grace, and of the gracious invitations of mercy to the most ungodly and abandoned of sinners, and of the preciousness and priceless merits of the sacrifice of the Son of God. He listened with greedy avidity to glad tidings, which for upwards of eighty years had never reached his ears, though the sum and substance of the Gospel. He never expressed himself wearied of listening, and always welcomed their approach to his bedside, and wished their assistance in every little office of alleviation and consolation which his painful disease demanded.

Meanwhile we must not forget or disregard the feelings of Marcella, who was also devotedly attached to her father, and deeply affected by his severe illness. But, she had another sorrow far more bitter than the loss of her dearest parent; and it was this, that, although yielding to her importunities, he had about a fortnight before his death, consented to see the priest and undergo the ceremony of Extreme Unction, yet ever after, and as he grew worse, he steadily and determinedly refused to see him any more, or to admit him into his presence. Every effort of hers (and they were most assiduous and unremitting) to extract a consent had failed, although she applied herself every hour, and every moment she could spare, from the sick room, in prayer that her beloved father might not depart hence at variance with the Catholic Church. She constantly read, by his bedside, the prayers of her Church; but though he never repelled her affectionate attention he evidently regarded them not. His mind seemed absorbed in other matters, and poor Marcella could not but perceive with unutterable alarm and regret that the intercourse of Edith and Adeline was more acceptable to the Major than her own.

This went on for several days, and the Major's disease (which was an organic one) gained head every day, and all hope of his recovery had ceased, so that his death was hourly expected. His mind was still as clear and vigorous as ever, and fully conscious of his near approach to the dark valley of the shadow of death. His weakness had so far increased as to render him scarcely equal to the exertion of speaking. But on Friday evening he seemed to take a turn for the better (the sure presage of immediate dissolution), and gathering all his energies he felt sensible that this impartation of strength was the last effort and rally of expiring nature, and that the closing scene was at hand. His mind was at rest in the bosom of Jesus, and his bold heart nothing daunted by the king of terrors, he desired every member of his family to be summoned to his bedside.

A solemn and mournful scene is such an assembling, when the head of a family summons its members to bid adieu ere he sets out upon that long journey from whence no traveller returns.

When all were seated round him, the Major said in a strong and steady voice, "I have called you all together, feeling certain that my time is come, God's will be done! and I am satisfied to resign my spirit into the hands of my Creator and Redeemer. But, before I go, I wish to make such reparation as I can to you all. I feel I have been a tyrant, and did not indeed know what a blessing I enjoyed in the family I had, and I abused my authority over you all. I would only ask you now to forgive me, and you my dearest Edith and Adeline, to whom I have acted so harshly, I can make you no other amends now, but to give you my blessing, I pray God to watch over you, and I give you my free and full consent to follow your religion according to your conscience, and may God bless you all, here and hereafter."

These words were followed by a scene it would be impossible, and if it were possible, be painful to describe. The effort to the Major had perhaps exceeded his strength, and he fell into a faint. Marcella conceiving he was dying, and dying, as his last words seemed to convey, an apostate from the Catholic Church, was in terror and grief. She fell upon her knees, by his bedside, and prayed loudly in the cold formularies of her Church in the offices for the sick. The Major soon recovering, moved his hand with impatience and said faintly, "No, no, Adeline will read for me, Adeline." Marcella overwhelmed with dismay, ran wildly to her room and fell down in an agony of prayer that her father might not be taken in such a frame of mind, and the words of prayer never ceased from her lips until his last breath had departed.

Adeline offered no prayer, and resorted to no formulae, but whispered into the dying Major's ear, the consolatory text, "*There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus*," "in whom we have redemption through his blood, the redemption of sins according to the riches of his grace," and while yet repeating this last text, her hand in his, the Major gave a strong responsive pressure and all was over.

TALK OF THE ROAD.—No. XVI.

"WELL, Pat, what have you got to talk of this time?" said Jim.

"The station, Jim," said Pat.

"And is it at a station you were, Pat?" said Jim.

"Deed is it, Jim," said Pat, "without meaning a bit of it."

"And how did you get there at all without meaning it, Pat?" said Jim.

"Why, I was going by Pat Devine's public-house," said Pat, "and there was a deal of people about it, but I didn't know what was going on, and I just went in for a pen'orth of baccy, and there I was in it, afore I knew where it was; and then, sure enough, I seen it was Father John holding a station in the inner room; and when I got the baccy, I was making my lucky, when I heard Molly Devine, and Mary Gormly, and Sal Gougerty, and some more of the devotest women, that's always at their duties, bragging again each other what was the best thing in the Church of Rome to trust in for our salvation, and then I just stopped a bit, to hear what they would say."

"Well, I suppose they were all of the one mind any way," said Jim.

"Not a bit of it, Jim," said Pat; "there was no two of them of the one way of thinking; just one thing better than another, taking their pick and choice like; and, deed, there seemed to be a something for every one, no matter how many."

"Well, the more hope some one hit right," said Jim.

"I'm afeard not, Jim," said Pat, "for there was one thing nobody took hold to."

"And what did they take hold on, Pat?" said Jim.

"Why, Molly Devine allowed it was the Mass, 'for sure,' says she, 'that's best of all; isn't it offering the body and blood, and soul and divinity, for the living and the dead?' says she. And then Mary Gormly allowed it was the holy water; 'for sure when I have plenty of that by me,' says she, 'I don't care for charms, nor fairies, nor the devil himself,' says she; 'and what need I want anything else,' says she, 'when I don't care for the devil itself, with the holy water on me?' And then Sal Gougerty allowed it was the scapular, 'for sure that'll get me to